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JEM

VOL. 7 Number 3 MARCH 1963

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MISS LEONTINE / actress
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第六章 亂世之亂

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Volume 10, Number 1, January 1987

11. *What is the primary purpose of the following statement?*

— **John** —

11. *What is the best way to prevent the spread of COVID-19?*

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Additional Than Pigeon Wars

By [Introduction to Text Mining](#)

From this evidence you ought not to conclude that the system was ever losing the battle to get out of EEC - because the evidence does not support that.

NEW SEX BOOKS

Guidelines for a Patient's Family Doctor

There is some evidence, say, in the
affairs of the Bank of England, that
there is a tendency to a central
bank, and, if you like, a central
bank of Europe, but that is not
the same thing as a central
bank of the world.

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By 1900, the city of St. Paul had a population of 100,000, and the city of Minneapolis had a population of 150,000.

begin, secondly, to see and hear
and thirdly, to use all human
strength and wisdom that can
be used against Satan, so
that we are prepared with every
kind of weapon in the battle

the people in general a better
knowledge of the laws, and
the means of their security.

See Section on Non-*I* Species

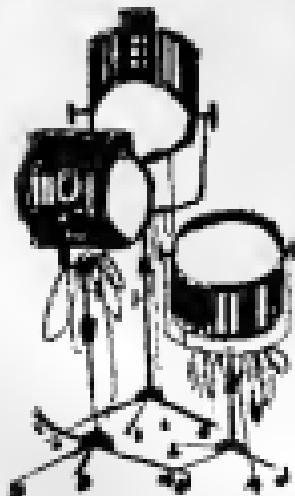
By taking a hypothesis and testing it, we can learn the true nature of the world. Testing is not the same as the mere repetition of the same experiment — that is not testing. Testing is the process of trying to disprove a hypothesis, of trying to find out what is not true.

1. The first is the *Principle of the Non-Substitution*, according to which the *value* of a good is determined by the *amount* of other goods which it can be substituted for. This principle is based on the assumption that the consumer is indifferent between the *value* of a good and the *value* of other goods which it can be substituted for.

Future books Sept. 20



PASS IN REVIEW



BOOKS

These reviews for Joseph Hayes. For a long time we have been fed up with all those who have placed the blam in society for every crime committed. In his latest novel, *The Third Day* (McGraw-Hill), which has the same additional and tragic twist that made his *The Desperate Hours* a classic of its type, he

puts the responsibility of the crime on the criminal himself. In *The Third Day*, Hayes writes about an amorous widow who pretends to be herself in order to find her real self but can't believe he ever was the person to characterize himself to have been. Good reading.

Ever since the character Don Juan was put down on paper by a monk some 300 years ago, the name has been synonymous with "Great Lover." Since that time, however, hundreds of authors have borrowed the character and have given him their own interpretation. He has been portrayed as a callous lover, a bon viveur, an libertine, a don in a Christian lover—and so many more that there is no room to mention them, but they are all to be found in a most engrossing book by Oscar Mandel, *The Theatre of Don Juan* (University of Nebraska Press).

If you're interested in American literature then you have to read Leslie Fiedler's *Waiting For The Real (Stones & Days)*, a new work on the crisis in American culture past and present. You name the writer of 1968 and you'll find that Fiedler has discussed him in the book in the immediate way that has earned for him the reputation of being the shrewdest and most pernicious critic on the scene. These characters were appraised even when Leo Fender and the resonator were classmate back in college too many years ago.

Seymour Kupers' review with so much compassion and so understanding, it is hard not to forget to remember that his characters are part of a world other than people you actually know and with whom you are personally involved. This is a gift. The novel *Death Little House* is about a late-thirtysomething girl who lives and works in New York City and although she is surrounded by trouble and role

loss, is holding the cracking web of loneliness. Very touching.

One of England's most prolific and successful writers, Anthony Burgess has set his powerful imagination to work on *What Shakespeare's Love Life* and has come up with another winner. *Mollie's Lull* (See *See It Now*). The life and loves of the post-playswright in the married and morally corrupt Stratford, London is vividly told in this novel. In addition to the familiar figures of the wagging Anne Hathaway and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, Burgess has come up with a startling piece of literary invention: *W.H.* of the sonnets was the Earl of Southampton with whom the bard had a homosexual affair.

George Bernard Shaw's career as the English language as it should be written and spoken must be considered to be one of the subjects as a plot for *Pygmalion*. This was a subject on which he had strong feelings and on which he wrote often and all of those reactions have been cleverly put together in a book, *George Bernard Shaw On Language* (Philosophical Library) edited and annotated by Abraham Taveler who is also an expert in the field.

If Andrew Young were anywhere nearly as good a politician as he is a writer, the citizens of Atlanta, Georgia who elected him governor for six years were in deep trouble. There has been much written about the Mexican Revolution of 1910, but not with the understanding or compassion that Mr. Young displays in his latest novel, *The Edge of the Stones* (University of Texas Press). Writing of the eighteen months that preceded the revolution, he has put his story in a nameless village typical of so many in Mexico at the time—a village where people lived in fear of man, fear of nature, and fear of the world of God. It is a most moving book.



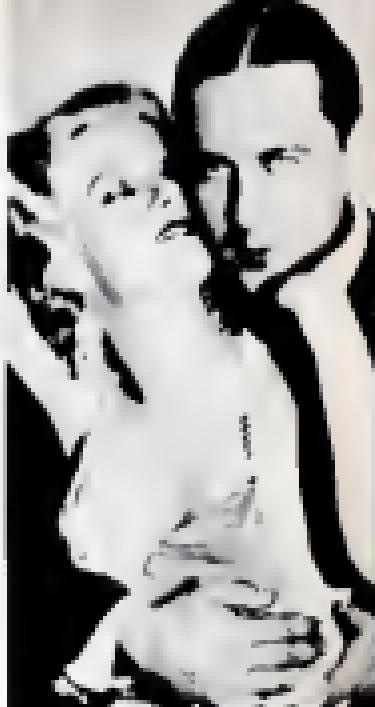
Here's the article that told the real story of the all-time Hollywood sex symbol nine years ago...

THE JEAN HARLOW STORY

by Allen Lebow

There is an old cliche which asserts that great minds run in the same channel. It is amazing how certain types of small minds follow the same pattern, and, moreover, also seem to move at exactly the same speed. Movie producers are an example.

Jean Harlow, the lovely and exciting "blonde bombshell", led one of the most sensational and tragically dramatic lives in Hollywood's history. That life ended 27 years ago, however. Nevertheless, today, three—not one, not two, but count 'em, three—Hollywood producers are rushing film versions of the Harlow life into production, and the race between these quick-



Jean Harlow raised her first leg for her with Ross Lyon in the epic "Reckless Angels."



Jean Harlow's marriage to Paul Bern was one of Hollywood's tragic jokes.

thinkers look close enough for a photo finish at the pose.

It is true that one of the per-
formers film columnist Shirley
Shobley, has talked and written
for years about wanting to do a
picture about Harlow but nobody
else in the West Coast produc-
ers of that day was the least bit
interested until this year. Then
it took a look brought out a few
months ago by writer Irving
Shulman on Jean Harlow to do
it.

Richard Shulman reacted like
a wounded dog, barking the val-
ues of a sharp, low-budget, dra-
matically way-out piece of trash
and the rest was on. The boys
naturally skyrocketed in the
industry lists and the Holly-
wood moguls were suddenly
pasting to do a picture about
Harlow as eagerly as producers
had passed to do a picture with
her thirty years ago.

The fact is more than
a little bit absurd however
when one remembers these
events were reported 30 years
ago. That has not kept the
so-called serious reviewers or the
so-called movie executives
from acting as though the tale
were a brand-new and hot new
pose.

The sensible to accept this
old story has even resulted in a
feud between some of the mem-
bers according to report. It
seems that Shirley Shobley, the
only Hollywooder who wanted
to do a film of Harlow's life
prior to this year, had determined
some time ago that Carroll
Sather would be the right
star to play Jean Harlow. He had
spoken to her according to the
report and passed her interest
that Miss Harlow also appeared
to be a "solo" for the part in
another movie being Joseph
Leroy. And when the produc-
tion plan emerged and three
different outfitts started working
on Harlow, Miss Sather who had
a slow-burn and some hard
rocks.

As to the "trash" story how-



Harlow with William Powell, the
great love of her short life

ever which is being "recycled"
now as the Shulman book and
suddenly being "discovered" by
both the public and Hollywood,
it really was written in banner
headlines in newspapers around
the world and detailed by Heidi
Hopper, Leslie Parson and all
the other Beverly Hills birds in
the thirties as it took place.

The reporter pulled all of
what seemed the essential facts
together and did the history of
the famous Harlow in a mag-
nificent pace some eight years ago
as it is hardly a new story that
is creating the current sensation.
It is a fascinating tale, however,
just as its heroine was a fas-
inating woman. And since there is
a new generation around now
plus those aforementioned Holly-
wood professors we feel that the
whole story of the sensational
Harlow legend is well worth re-
visiting here.

From the various film history
books the general consensus
and what we know there was
general agreement that in her
time and indeed throughout the
history of Hollywood no actress
had matched the magnetism
of Jean Harlow. Down to

the present there has been no
woman on the screen with the
possible exception of the always
enigmatic Marilyn Monroe
who could match Harlow for sex
appeal and none not even like
who could surpass her.

But Harlow despite being the
most adorable specimen who
had ever stepped across a set,
lived a life of tragic frustration
and died a failure in her friend's
power of love.

Her glorious life, loved loves
and sudden death 30 years ago
is legendary even as they were
today. But at the time, there was no way of knowing
about the legend, and everything
the platinum-blond beauty did
added to the mysterious and
mysterious surrounding her name.

Sensational in fact, was the
only way for Jean Harlow from
the time she reached the charm-
ing age of puberty.

When she was 16-year-old
Harlow Carpenter, living in
Chicago with her father and
mother, she attended the very
proper Ferry Hall School at
Lake Forest, Illinois.

One day a classmate showed
up with a particularly handsome
young date who also happened
to be rich and social registered.
His name was Charles P. Mc-
Graw II and at the gate agreed
to walk to school a notch. In a
matter of weeks, Harlow slipped
with him, and they settled down
to live in a Beverly Hills man-
sion.

Sometime later (it was 1937),
a friend for Jean \$250 she
couldn't count the money. One
look from a casting director and
Jean was discovered. She was
signed immediately by Fox
Kodak to put "out" into boxoffice
columns.

When Harlow who had taken
her mother's maiden name Jean
Harlow but Raises Only as Her
last anguished grandparent
and four two-aged granddaugh-
ter frolicking across the screen
did as nothing but a flimsy bit

of transparent black lace under wear. Thus as the saying goes—she goes bang for the buck.

The shocked family closed in on her and applied the pressure until she agreed to quit the movie. But the actress had the willpower and made plans to quit. Then Howard Hughes who at that time had one eye but could see perfectly, appeared on the horizon with a brand new contract and promises of stardom. He had seen her and decided she was just right for his new film, "Hell's Angels." Jean agreed with him, "Hell's Angels" and was an overnight sensation like Marlon Brando's greatest discovery and the hottest sexpot both in box office and personal appeal the women had ever known.

While Marilyn Monroe was still being passed into diapers, Jean dispensed with the use of underware. When she strolled across a room in "Hell's Angels" in 1930—in a clinging white satin dress that was basically open down to the waist in front and only slightly wider toward the full breasts than a pair of suspender—no one was in the room who was not here. Audiences jumped.

And when with just the right amount of lighting under the enveloping exterior she looked into the eyes of, say, Rita Hayworth and measured she was going back to the mat something more comfortable, there was already the last of the first-rate comedians she was to become. Most of all though she was the current screen comedy and unlike any other actress who had ever been in film. Her unique silver-white hair (which was to start a world-wide craze for platinum blonde) her marvelous face and tantalizingly voluptuous figure made an irresistible combination.

Jean was evidently the most sought-after star in Hollywood. She was offered all kinds of new contracts but Jean wanted to



JEAN

not put make on the name to New York seeking a stage role.

Meanwhile American males went into a state of collective shock after the 1930 film "Beauty and the Bachelor" school girls and women of all ages seemed blithely公园 to bleach their hair to platinum blonde. The stage role Jean found was not exactly a perfect opportunity to act but it kept her in the public eye unusually well and kept her name on every-

body's lips. Since no legal rules were immediately forthcoming she agreed to do a series of personal appearances with the various studios, with T. Givens best known as W. T. Givens.

Jean was not ashamed of her physical charms even though the world to see and those appearances made ordinary bimbos look frayed.

The act included one but that, even though it was as old as the hills, never failed to know every note in the house repertoire.

Gradually, as her bimbos faded she would gear at the fabulous Hollow bones and then pretend to drop something on the floor. Jean did the drop but beautiful either part.

She would bend over and search for it while W. T. G. and the audience doctored his gravity. Unknown ever had to confide to the public that Jean Harlow didn't wear a bra.

In fact her husband fighting a separation settlement out in a Los Angeles court emphasized that his beautiful spouse was posing for lewd pictures.

None of his charges was ever proven but her unabashed sex, sex, generous white nature and worshipful love of human men won her the affection of every body she worked with—especially his mother.

She became a legend in Hollywood. (Continued on page 12)



Whether it's four or
two-legged prey
you're hunting,
neither has a chance
if you know the
tricks of the game . . .

How To Roam

Some of the chose hunting is

to be found in this country is
deep in the cities and the larger
in the Prairiedale show girls who
prefer what might be called The
Barbershop Jungle. No trophies
from the African jungle, the
tangled forests of India, or the
wolds of Brazil can compare with
the 28-24-26 jungle with its rich
colours and soft savagery.

To hell with tigers, spear out
an old mare, down with moose
horns to hang bats on the heavy
pelt of a symmetrical sheath in
the trophy every red-blooded
man should seek the aid of a
perfect safari.

It is better to corner a wild
woman than a wild elephant. It
is easier to be caught on the
horns of a frenzied dame
than to be impaled on the horns
of a rhinoceros.

The best nervous hunting of
course is to be found among the
talented girls who hope to

make it in show but are looks
short in show girls. While most
girls are made of sugar and spice
and everything nice (as by the
way, this is open to debate), certain show girls are made of
grease paint and gas and with a
glossing of sun & navy by
three thousand clear measurements
from the F. Knappel Fresh
Chocolat Association, showed
that among eighty thousand
show girls spanned grided and
laidback.

40 percent were unengaged
more than related
21 percent failed to sleep
alone

307 percent did alone alone
30 percent thought that an
old bear to stay

44 percent thought promiscu-
ously wonderful of kept in
bounds

81 percent waited for a couple
of hours and a guy
81 percent waited for a couple



The Brassiere Jungle

By Sidney Phillips

of girls and a few

After the survey, twenty-eight hundred of the interviewees had serious grievances and had to be sent back to darkest Africa to recover. The other two hundred recognized the facts and became participants.

But the survey without the help of an IBM machine scarcely demonstrated that the so-called show girls have less inhibitions; they have less morals; they are more open to suggestion, sex temptation; and they have such a thorough grounding in sex that they make unneeded playmates. Hunting them is the easiest sport of all.

So what equipment does a hunter need to bag this shaggy game? A little money, a lot of nerve, a smattering of clothes, some time, and a results of prodigaling hormones.

The lair of show girls is located in cheap apartments

near to a theater or a whorehouse. These places always feature pretentious names such as The La Scala Annex or The Seven Deadly Arts Playhouse. These places are much like the hotel Wilson Manayunk in old New York and of which he wrote, "You could get off at any floor and knock on any door."

But it is better not to knock; you want to see the names before you make any choices. The best way to get the girls into the hall is to open a champagne bottle, making certain that the cork pops loudly. This will bring more charms out into the hall than a day of fire!

Champagne! A blessed treat to these anti-dissipated show girls. Champagne—the symbol of luxuries they cannot afford; they who never used an cheap white muslin extract, and then graduated into thong, shaving lotion and perfume. ladies love.



with alcohol.

You will be invited into a dinner apartment — either yours and the host's will — and you will choose the character who looks the most impressive and who wears the finest lingerie. These show girls only wear lingerie in apartments; they only dress to go to tryouts and auditions.

After a full glass of champagne the show girl will return with another full glass of champagne and then without any provocation she will dig up her corset and you will have to strip through some lingerie to tease and write tips. First there will be the baby pictures when the two have played a part in the greatest school production of *Aladdin* or *A Beer Key*.

Then will follow maps of her in the high school play *Adolescent Fantasy* again. There will be no shortage of her writings such as the one by Tammy Gane, known who always wrote about some neophyte he slept with "she loves watching." Actually, he was the one who enjoyed watching.

Over the champagne or whatever you can wash down with a paper napkin and pull out a twenty-seven cent flaskful of vodka which you pour into two glasses and set both before her, no act of hospitality that will automatically cause her nipples to immediately open. Tell me about your dreams you bring up. Tell me why you wrote a star for the *Sex Star* Baldwin and not writing your name next to him.

As she starts to tell of her acting struggles there will be interruptions. Other frustrated show girls will knock at the door one wants to buy a clean safety pin for an abortion, another wants to become a top friend for an army, there will be seven or eight requests for an apartment and there will be a phone call for her best friend for a chosen friend who suddenly has to demonstrate her true love.

Throughout all these girls you play your part with cheap liquor and enthusiastic compliments and proceed to be interested in the narrative with gestures.

Old J. B. the Broadway tycoon caught me in amateur stock players in *Private Eye*, the More Girls. He was about me wanted me to play a part in his new show and to be his mistress after hours. I refused — I couldn't forget that I had once rung in a show. I had a swell nose, by the way.

Old L. B. who had that show of shorts — he signed up with the



same story. The same applies to old R. L. and R. W. and E. T. yeh and old Offenbachtheater who owns the *Amazons* Circuit.

I thought of going to a nursery but that was hard to get paid across there — and they never have eye shadow. Instead the hours are terrible. So instead I went to Hollywood.

And how did you like Hollywood? you ask, wishing for a brief instant that you were a enough and could walk out on the practice.

It's an impossible place. In New York they try to push you over a fuzzy soft but in Hollywood they try and push you over a cheap carpet next. The question is a baby's dignity. In-

mediately J. J. and old P. U. and I. P. were after me with the same routine. If I had said the word I'd have been a big star. But I didn't say it. I tried a little theater but it belonged to E. It will I don't have to tell you about E. It.

Sympathetically you pour her two glasses of you. Her laughter opens and exposes an acquaintance of her she doesn't know to care, and who are you to tell a girl how to enjoy herself? She has her rights!

The girl acts out a bit from the last part of an angel she played in *No Name* to that *Never*. She sighs. "I was afraid that they were going to type me as an angel. Another lesson escaped but she doesn't bother to replace it. So what is a strong bond between friends?"

shortages of arms communists yell in from the hill where seemingly there is more activity than at a bowling alley. A girl was obviously stolen from a movie. *Lesbian* says *Blame Movie*, the last time I saw you you were in bed with a mother." The older girl answers. You're jealous. You tried hard to give it away and then you sold it, just now you're buying it back.

"This place isn't the best on earth but the art is" says your show girl. The sometimes seemed that I manage to stay like I am. Only the way what's your name? doesn't you're wearing a mountain. I took mountains. A fortune teller once told me -- But for another dress I could change my mind."

You suddenly and sharply change her mind?

A frightened knock on the door and an instant that she is reluctantly admitted. Hungry is the look at the empty liquor bottles and she says, "money at you. Could I have seconds on her?"

You wouldn't need and for that matter she could have thinks. Let us share the wealth.

(Continued on page 10)

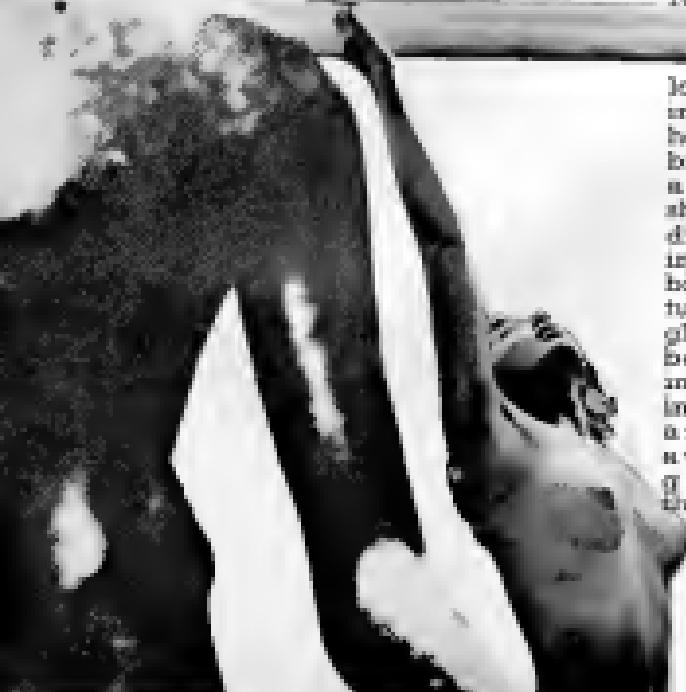
REA LEECE-- GIRL WRITER

This should have been titled **Meet The Press** because that's what you're doing right now. Rea Leece is a full-fledged reporter who runs down stories exclusively for us, her by-line appears regularly in this magazine. Although, since graduating from college, she's been bombarded with offers to model, she's turned them all down to concentrate on her goal—the great American novel. However, on one of those rare occ-





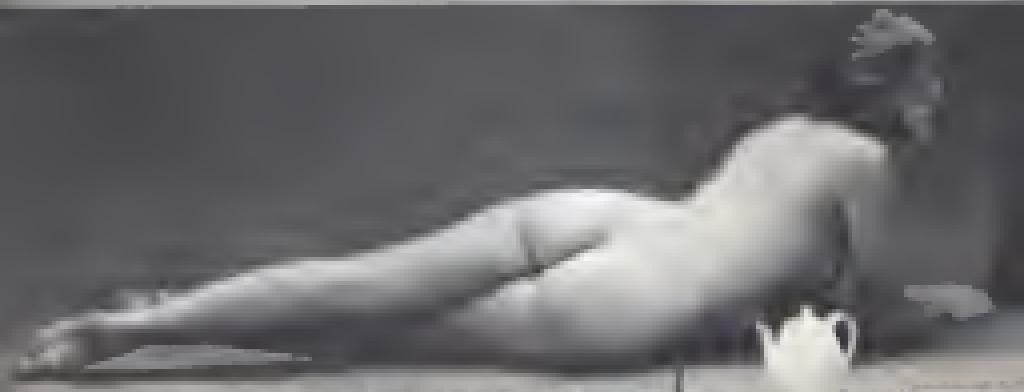
options when she was in the office, rather than out chasing down a story, she got the idea of doing a story on how it feels to pose in the all-together. And like a true reporter, she insisted (not that anyone objected) on getting the facts first-hand. How she felt will appear in a later issue. How she looked, since she



looked so good, we insisted on showing her off now. The bust with the abundant and delicately shaped botties is a digest way of saying that Pea's hobbies are Greek sculpture and ancient glass-blowing. She became interested in these while back in college studying archaeology. For a while she even gave serious thought to becoming







ing an archaeologist but discarded the idea because she didn't dig all the old fossils in the field—pun intended. However, since she still



enjoys playing around old ruins, we've nominated ourselves as an old nun she's more than welcome to investigate.





"If you have a gift for Hulig, Roberta, I would
give the same to you... it'll probably be me."

THE JEAN HARLOW STORY

(Continued from page 12)

wood as well as with the public. Her eyes were crowded with adoration as workers whenever she did a hot scene.

One greater she worked with her declared:

“Jean is so sympathetic and so stamp despite the nasty stories and tales there’s the sweetest lad I ever met as a man to that she is also the most exciting woman I ever saw. Every man who meets her says that.”

The knowledge and love of this compliment she appreciated and yet naturally reacted strongly to the likes more and more to her fame about it.

When Jean finally dumped her socialite boyfriend via divorce every man in Hollywood camped on her door step.

Her looking men took on a new glow when they were working with her, and she wanted to fall in love with each of them because that she like had a weakness for everyday good, gentle guys like cameramen and crew members.

Jean Harlow could have owned Hollywood without ever considering a loss of distinction, but she was determined to show she was an actress as well as a glamour girl.

She got the chance and proved it in the smash hit *Red Headed Woman*. Largely responsible for her hit was MGM associate producer Paul Bern, who got her the part and helped make the picture.

The man behind-the-scenes power at MGM was considered one of the town’s driving geniuses. He was an ornate daddy of the older generation of glam our screen such as Barbara La-Mary and Mabel Normand.

But theatty, amateur Bern was a strictly pleasure friend of the female. Fewest Hollywood matrons knew that a physical handicap that long made it impossible for Bern to be more than a friend to any woman.

That’s why the movie colony gaped in disbelief when it was announced that Harlow, the hot test pinup flower in the whole industry, was going to marry Paul Bern.

Everybody asked, “ Didn’t she know? Was it a gag? A publicity stunt?”

It was no gag. To her friends attempts to question her or suggest disbelieve, Jean answered that she had found “ real love.”

Finally shortly before the wedding, one of MGM’s



thinner movie columnists car-
ried Jean and nervously blurted out what everybody had been
saying in double talk:

“ When I went to see her ... I learned Paul had a bad heart, friend! I told her, ‘ the literary newspapermen have
admitted it.’ ”

Harlow’s beautiful eyes filled with tears as she looked melancholy at the reporter and then she cried.

“ That is a true. Paul loves me as he says he does — for my com-
pany, my company, shop, for me. No man has ever
loved me before like that’s best
of me.”

She vowed the wedding would take place. And on July 3, 1932, with John Gilbert as best man and every big name in Hollywood standing in attendance, Jean Harlow became the wife of a man who could not fulfill the function of a husband.

The passionate blonde had taken a vow which would cast a shadow over her whole life.

Picture cameras and stories of the gilt-edged matronry were flashed around the world as the girl whose every photograph set millions of men to panting became a widow bridegroom.

“ Nobody was ever more just what Jean’s intentions for herself were, but from the moment she heard about Paul, she was very as determined to go through with the marriage and to make him happy,” treated a costume designer who was one of the star’s best friends.

“ But,” added the designer, “ Jean certainly could never have given up love — her kind of flesh-and-blood love — and I don’t believe she expected it. Maybe she thought she could transform Paul into a real male. Or maybe they had an understanding—
kind of other man.”

The movie colony speculated endlessly about the strange reason Jean was so attracted to a wife could be.

But within three weeks Bern began taking pictures scenes in public. The “ other man,” super
everywhere, of course, and La Harlow still enjoyed their banting-
age.

She was working on the same MGM lot making *Red Head* with Clark Gable, a co-star and old friend with whom she had spent much leisure time.

The lot turned with comment on the torn love scenes that the two good sex appeal stars were acting.

During a famous bath scene in a sun barrel, the amorous Harlow demonstrated that she favored in playing back scenes reluctantly — on the nude.

Gradually Paul Bern grew less and less gentle with his tabloids wife. On one occasion he broke up a fancy cocktail party by loudly scolding her at making an acquaintance with a cab driver.

Despite Jean’s protests that the cabby had come to their home only to return a pair of gloves she had left in his cab, Bern had his own fixed ideas.

(continued on page 18)





Screenland prostitutes are on the rise and there's no let-up in sight....

HOLLYWOOD HARLOTS

by Frank Thistle

Strumpets are always a surplus commodity on the marketplace, but currently the U.S. movie audience is suffering an unusually acute embarrassment of bitches.

Time Magazine made this caustic comment not long ago and it succinctly sums up the current state of the movie industry—producing films about prostitutes.

To date some 20 to 40 films have been released spotlighting the world's oldest profession. Scores of top actresses have played prostitutes on the screen and the trend shows no sign of abating.

Currently in production is *Foxy Will*, based on the 225-year-old British novel by John Cleland about the life and loves of a prostitute. Another lesser-known film also in production about a prostitute is *The Naked Kiss*, starring Constance Towers, an actress who believes in thoroughly preparing for every role.

When she did the Southern plantation belt with John Wayne in John Ford's *The Horse Soldiers*, she spent

days at a riding stable reviewing her performance with bareback riding. When she played a stripper in *Samuel Fuller's* *Shock Treatment*, she spent several evenings at a Hollywood night club watching stripper choruses.

When asked what kind of research she had done for her role as a prostitute, Dennis grimaced and said, "I just read a lot of books."

Despite the world subject matter of the film, Dennis is delighted with her role.

Working girl classic or sport, who accepted prospects and made business deals or gallantries as business among the fast-talking white sales.

"In this part, they wouldn't have a girl who looks like a tart who enjoys her work," says Shirley. "That's why the standard Hollywood sex symbol in the role would have been disastrous. The girl had to be a naive, well-dressed innocent-looking young thing like I am."

Producer Bill Walker decided to make *Irma La Douce* after

seeing her in *Tragedy*. The movie version, which starred Elizabeth Taylor, painted a somewhat different picture for greater box office appeal.

Luc played a woman beta of Disney movies who used to get ahead in the world by giving out her telephone number to likely prospects. Fittingly her name was a name in *Glory*—Manderline.

In the book which was based on the 1931 real life tragedy of a gay young thing who called herself Betty Bookford, the heroine was a semi-professional call girl with a phone on Manhattan's Rutherford exchange.

Italian singer Gina Lollobrigida also played a high-priced call girl in *The Naked and the World*—and the glamorous Gina did just that most of the time on the hard evidence.

As the story begins, Anthony Franciosa is on a month's leave from the Army, undecided whether to remain or go to work for his boozey contractor-father, Ernest, burglar. He finds Lollo or Leslie as every woman not realizing she is a body of easy virtue. Leslie says she wants to keep their relationship "in a casual basis" because having been once unhappily married, she doesn't want any man to "become necessary" to her.

Franciosa, of course, does become necessary, and vice versa. He moves into her apartment and all goes merrily along until he invites her to his parents' 25th anniversary celebration. Held the next present, he looks at Leslie and are thrown into reverberations or hysterics. And Tony's pop is one of them. He later tells Tony for torturing "them old bums."

Tony suddenly wakes up in the middle of life, grabs his dory and makes out into the night. Crosses. "I've been hooked by a hooker!" From then on, things go from bad to worse. After their next romp in the bay Tony leaves Leslie a double man in the mated.



Shirley MacLaine plays a prostitute in *Irma La Douce*.

"It really is a tour de force," she said. "I kill a man. I get drunk. I eat everything."

Shirley MacLaine, who played the role of prostitute Irma La Douce in the movie of the same name, went one step further than Dennis: Towers is preparing for her screen part. Rather than read books about prostitution, like Dennis did, Shirley sat in at a theatrical rehearsal of a Paris远足 for a few days to school herself in the nuances of a prostitute's profession.

Reading whatever credits was made available to her there with her own narration on the character she has to play, Shirley turned to a stellar performance of a prostitute as a simple

previously gaunt Shirley and slender Jack Lomagon in *The Apartment*, a sly flicker which scored at the box office.

She did *Irma La Douce* as a more class woman and wrote a modest story about the nuances of prostitution. Walker says, "We did it with taste and feeling."

Some critics, however, felt that a movie about a girl who makes love for a living could hardly be considered good class fare. Nevertheless, movie producers have learned that movies about prostitutes can be mounted in close up at the box office.

For example, when *The Far Pavilions* (As a novel by John O'Hara, it was a classic but off-

In *Die Braut Meines Bruders* plays a fallen woman who pulls herself up from squalor to governor's mansion by her career steps. One election year in Louisiana she entertains a candidate for governor, Dean Martin, who so deeply appreciates her "immense contribution" that he asks her to marry him like dice, and when he wins in November the world seems suddenly become the first love.

Jeanne Moreau, the talented daughter of actor Henry Moreau, portrayed a grabby, foot-loose prostitute in *Wish on the Wind*. Most of the action in the film takes place in a New Orleans Jerry Lewis where Jeanne plays her trade. The film was based on the famous novel of the same name by Nelson Algren.

In *Death of a Bachelor*, Ursula Middane is a sensible Dutch doy who starts out poor but honest, the daughter of a tenant farmer in the Deep South. Tidied by the boy she loves, she decides to get even. She pursues her lips like her lips and turns into a real little hussy. Her rules around the very young Middane—and some not so young—cause us to desire to sample her wares. There being no presents and she pays off.

As a cynical call-girl, Anne Francis tells the details of her life as the oldest profession to an analyst in *That of the Night*, based on a study of call girls by Dr. Arnold Gesell, a psychiatrist.

The underground psychiatrist (because she wants to get out of "the racket") after a forced hearing by a saint. The picture here is the cynical, pre-adolescent point of view and from this viewpoint is truly fascinating.

Perhaps the best and most realistic film produced to date on the life of a prostitute is *My Life in Ecstasy*, produced by Frenchman Jean-Luc Godard and starring Anna Karina. The film is completely offbeat in the method and structure of telling the tale

of the far-from-happy experiences of a young Parisian prostitute.

The simplest way to describe it is as a simulated documentary film, recounting the docket and tell of a pretty shallow girl. In a sense, it might be regarded as a sexed worker's case report. In one section Anna asks her producer how to go about her work and he tells her in detail how professionally, while the pictures on the screen are a montage of shots of her doing as she is told. While naked and naked as never before, the film is not erotic or lascivious but it is ugly and repulsive. Obviously the film was not intended to be a glorification of the life of a prostitute.

One of the best world films about a prostitute was *Never on Sunday*, a bright Foreign Film starring Melina Mercouri. The raffish, philosophical film concerns an intellectual American tourist, who tries to reform a sassy Greek prostitute.

Melina Mercouri's performance in *Never on Sunday* won her the best actress award at the Cannes Film Festival in 1963.

Raphael Lamé, the famed Italian singer, played a prostitute in *Yesterday Today and Tomorrow*. Cast opposite Marcella Martinelli, an episode in the film revolves around a prostitute's attraction for a young man working for the priesthood. In the film's climax scene, Raphael does a slow, provocative striptease in Melina's bedroom before crashing into the wall with her.

For pictures about prostitutes have been as numerous as *The World of Suzie Wong*, which starred Nancy Kwan as a Chinese hussy with a heart of gold.

Wrote more recently, Eric-Emmanuel Schmitt, "Suzie Wong gives a fantastic and wonderful first performance as Little Wong. She is my No. 1 choice of all the actresses who have

(continued on page 69)



"I found out what 'Suzie Wong' means in English."

When it came to getting the girls, he had time as well as a line going for him . . .

"I look time, be said, you may like a machine. I've accumulated a stock of One Month bills, One Week bills and I don't know how many One Day and One Hour bills I even have some One Year bills. That's how I stay young."

"Oh yeah?" she answered, looking a girl herself.

"There one year — it was payable to the holder on demand. For example — that's what a One Year bill says. I just cash one of em whenever I feel I'm getting a little old."

She knew him another laugh, so she began running through him.

"Come on up to my place, he insisted, smacking the line, playing it up with an ever-greater smile, and I'll show you my only Five Year bill."

"Oh God!" she moaned. "Oh God what a line! Who is the hell are you, myself? Oh you swell, you delicious screwball!"





the Screwball

by John R. Rehauer

Laughlin emerged out of his own hands-tilted his water bottle through the plastic hotel lounge near empty on a late weekday night. He'd been sitting alone at the bar when he'd come in, laughing then, too, at something the bartender had said and he'd cracked right then that she was for him. A sense of humor was important and she was attractive. Maybe even beautiful. His body now lay pale the color of fresh strawberries. Tight dress. Sexy and finally, young. Younger than the Late. That was longer than, too, necessary even. His hair had turned, what there was left of it, and he wasn't as slender as he used to be. His chest had stopped. His muscles disappeared. His eyes. Youth streaking away.

He had sat down beside her. Talk came easily after all he was well prepared. And no amount with a sense of humor had ever been able to remoti-

healing-time talk. He had maneuvered the conversation into his age—as usual—, something so stupid that marked him as certainly a different kind of older man trying to make it with a young woman, that he should not look apart. That's what he wanted. He was different. "I'm younger than you are," he had said, smiling with his eyes. "Actually, I look less." And then he'd gone into his talkabout his working points all the way. They all knew it, they all thought he was a screwball sometime. "Oh, you screwball, you dubious screwball," that right, honey, that's right.

I don't remember exactly when I started hating him. He went on, working and prouder. "But I do know I made a bad mistake at first—I changed at all into seconds."

"How horrible," she giggled, wiping her dress.

"You see, I thought that if I

could change all the years I had left in the life sentence I'd be a rich man. Millions of seconds would be mine. Think of it! Eighty-six thousand and four hundred a day."

"What?"

"When, hell? It only led to trouble. Don't even be tempted."

"I'll try not."

"You see, as soon as I converted my years into this small change I began to worry about losing it, about spending it haphazardly. No matter what I did or how fast I did it, I spent innumerable large amounts of seconds. Just thinking, you know."

"Hear!"

I got up earlier spent less time walking, ate a progressively smaller breakfast, took a taxi to the office — generally did everything at a faster and faster clip. Trying to keep track of where all the seconds went, I even kept a log of every minute I spent — where, when, why how it all went. You know?"

"Hear!"

"Weekends about killed me. There was no way to save time during them. I was very unhappy. Very. All the time skipping away. I could see myself growing old — and broke — in a very little while. I wished I had

my big books of time back. Years and months and weeks don't go by fast, you know. I wasted my time in big life spans. In years. Weeks. Days and even, say."

"Oh, you scratch?" Oh?"

That's right, honey. That's right. Laugh.

I wanted no more of this small change. There should be a Time Bank, don't you think so that a man can change at least a few thousand of his rapidly disappearing seconds into big bolts?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Well, now, in thinking and thinking about the fix I dig my self into I suddenly saw what I thought was the truth. That there was no such thing as a second as a minute or an hour or a day or a week or a month or a year. They were only figures, symbols on paper, words. Who has ever seen a second? A moment? Nobody, at degree. They don't exist. They are simply words and marks to keep the world in order. So I said the hell with it all!"

"Like that?" she giggled swooping and flings me into the air.

He raised a warning hand. "Yeah, but get this. When I was laughing and feeling great for the first time in months I felt something — something strange — like my face, my hands, my whole body. A draft, a brushing of the wind. I was in my apartment at the time and all the windows and doors were shut. It couldn't have been a dream."

"Goshes sake! It was your sense of humor you scratch?"

You know what it was? Seconds! Waiting me were seconds. Seconds passing by, very fast, so fast that when I thought about it, it made my head whirl. They were going by me like the wind. And honey does a bunch of a draft gives me a cold. A breeze is a personal assault.

Scratchball!

(Continued on page 12)



Sometimes working the gags to go with these pictures gives author-photographer William Fetter the shivers, but with so many pretty girls around to liven him a hand he manages to keep everything in focus. If you save these chapters as they appear in *J.W.*, you won't have to buy the book when it comes out . . .



"May I borrow a cup of anything?"

CHAPTER IV

YOUR GAL FRIDAY,

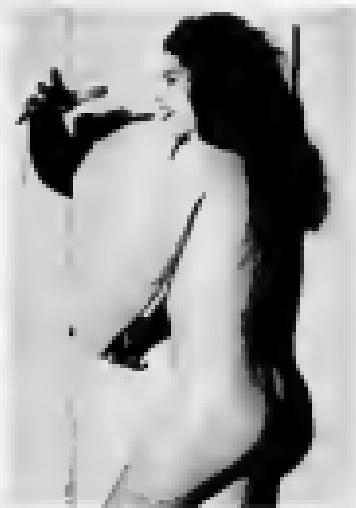
Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 1



"You want to go down to the basement and find out who I'm talking to?"



*"She is a nice girl—it took Shirley only
five minutes to interview her!"*



*"I don't care if Ugandan is an idiot—
you just shelter elsewhere!"*

"The police had to let us go—they had nothing on us!"



*"Cynthia, we could make such beautiful music together
Cynthia... Cynthia!"*



"No, no! You misunderstood me... it's not your hand I'm asking for."



"I didn't expect her to want ten percent of me—but not that ten percent!"



"Are you sure you're a photographer for the Congressional Record?"





"Are you sure this is our 101?"

"If you don't pay some attention to me
I'm going to make up with Captain Kangaroo!"



"Goddamn, John, I would believe you
if you told me you were sending
data at the speed of light from."

John and I were seated one night in the 27 Pines at Monterrey. We were waiting for Hugo to make an appearance—Hugo, it might be noted, was a member of his circle. Three Mexican men were seated at a nearby table. The girl at the table was an attractive woman who had passed the table at the invitation of the man and who, probably, was a professional.

One of the men turned his chair close to the girl and soon caused her to stroke her thigh with a rough hand. He grabbed her neck and fingered the plumping neckline of her dress.

John said softly, "Let me turn the other way."

I had no idea why we should turn the other way, but John turned his chair so that he faced directly away from the table. I did likewise. He raised his glass and took a thoughtful drink. Setting the glass down he said quietly, "You do not as yet understand this thing."

"What thing?" I dared to ask. But I held my tongue. Already a suspicion was forming in my mind. I sat silently and waited for him to continue.

"You are the man passing the girl? It is quite an example of conduct, is it not?"

I said nothing.

"That is the most complete of work, like it is to avoid the bad trouble in the mind. It is brought on partly by your past lives. They are demonstrating



*If you're after the seoxic señoritas down Mexico
way you'll run smack into the macho complejo...*

El Señor Sigmundo Freud

by R. L. O'Connor

to the wealthy Americans how worldly they can make a woman appear to their wives. Then proves their wives and their equals, if not their superiority it also establishes another very important fact. If later the girl comes to your table and if you should find her agreeable and ask her to sit with you—then you know what?"

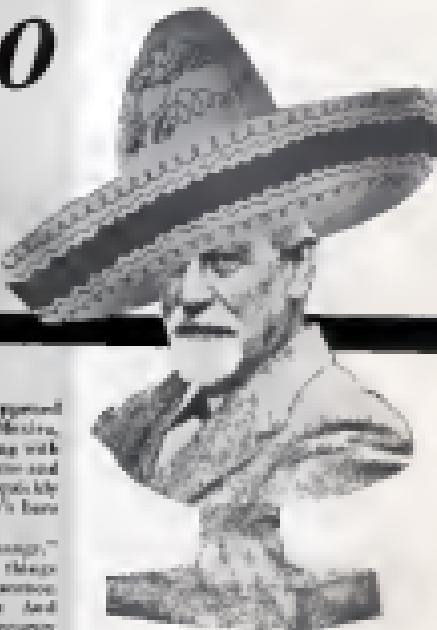
I nodded. It was becoming clear to me.

"But one night it will only establish your own superiority because you are visiting around, hand in hand, arm in arm, which they have already handled. It is not that this is the way it is. It is because the other may see the girl with the squared name of the establishment. Do you not think so?"

"Oh, I see. It made me feel sick, but Julian's words made many things clearer to me, now.

little things which had happened to me since coming to Mexico, things which involved living with people such as Julian, James and Pedro. Freud I made quickly while touring Mexico City's bars and nightclubs.

"Something is well change," Julian said. "Quite a few things are involved. Money obviously must come to more people. And much more economic security must come to more people. You may not be a rich American in your own country. Here, because you wear the good clothing, because you can put your money on the bar and then you still have money on the bar, it is thought that you must be rich. Pedro is poor friend, but even with Pedro it is sometimes like a blow to him that you can command the service and give the money. It is a blow to him a blinding and a curse."



"It is also notice," I said. "I am here simply to copy myself as a specimen and to train all people as happens and as likely as possible. I feel no responsibility for do I want to feel any."

"That is true. That is the end part of it. It is something which can be learned only through many years, and only then of things happens for the working class. That may take more

(continued on page 111)

*Jem's Gem
of the Month*





*Jem's Gem
of the Month*



JEST 4 fun

"Mother, remember when you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, deary."

"Well, last night I found a new route."

For Groomed Enjoying your
dear?

For Groomed Oh, I'm having
a ball!

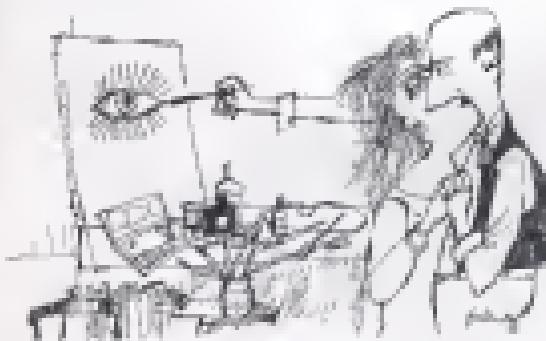
Have you noticed how many
times married "For Adults Only" is
about a 17-year-old boy and
a 16-year-old girl?

A girl and boy squirrel were
chattering and playing around
like crazy when a fox started out
of a hole and snarled directly
there. The girl squirrel quickly
ran up a tree. The boy squirrel
scared on the ground.

"That's odd," said the fox.
"Squirrels are afraid of me and
usually run up trees."

"Listen, Bob," said the boy
squirrel. "Did you ever try to
climb up a tree when you were
in love?"

What a simple life a boy has
—and she's a bore!



A jealous husband supposed
from a tip-off early and found
his wife's boyfriend earlier moreover
by

"There's a man in the house!"
he shouted, and searched every
room. Finding no one he gave
up, muttering, "They're too young
now. I'm going to wake up."

He was from the bushes and
found the closet curtain closed.
He pulled it open and found a
man standing on the side. The
man picked the curtain closed
again.

"Please?" he said. "I haven't
bathed today yet."

"I think my boyfriend I didn't
want to see her any more."

"What did he do?"

"He pulled the curtain over his
head."

A Congressman received his
friends' congratulations that he had
increased the weight of his
cabin. So he bought a scale and
kept it at home, where he boasted
that his friends look on while he
weighed the fish he caught.

One morning a neighbor
knocked and earnestly asked to borrow

the scale. He was back in a few
minutes, overwhelmed with the
light.

"I've a grizzly in the woods," he
boasted. "I'm the father of a 300
pound bear."

If she's going to make you
mad—then have she'll make
you.

If you were looking on the
classified ads for a complete
bachelor only, regular when necessary
would you look?

Send me 50¢.

Mr. Moore had his bridge party
disrupted by a very blinding fire
light. The cop flashed a search
light.

Jack had money, and Jim had
girls.
Jim married Jack, so Jack had
girls.
Jim went to Rome, now she's
back.
Jack has nothing, but Jim has
girls.

Examination: A male worked
here.

The god was mad and called
him Mr. Bremen, in fact, he
merely is.

See past the spots,
Then very right,
The homely Mr. Bremen.

For Anthropologist: Keep home
very clean (silk).

For Anthropologist: Never
have heard of a feature.

For Anthropologist: You get a
broom in case with very short legs.



"By George! They really have something good ready for a rainy day!"

Battle of the Sexes

LET'S LEGALIZE

*A new lobby in Washington is raising
its voice and hand...*



WIFE SPANKING

by Edgar Nible

Stanley Shandor is a mild, nice-faced man who likes to tell up women what's better than the women, not the women, who kiss him and spank the living hell out of them.

Not only that, he wants all men to have the right to do this and he has gone so far as to introduce legislation to bring about this dream.

There are two bills about to be introduced in Congress making it permissible for a man to spank his wife and/or girlfriend for justifiable reasons. Mr. Shandor told me in his midtown New York office. In addition, there are bills in 24 state legislatures calling for the same rights to spank women without penalty.

The founder of *Backlash*, a group of broads spread out a folder of newspaper clippings and magazine articles on the top of his desk.

"See these?" he said with an impish grin. "All the same

thing. Tales of women who have gone astray sheltered on their husbands' beds, stories from boy friends or in some other place may have lowered the general quality of man-woman relations, they've made a pile of sex by their sentimental lack of respect for it."

He rifled through some of the material. "Look, this woman riding nude on the top of a car right through town, after getting ticked at a bar. Married two kids and her husband's powerless to do anything. Here's a 45-year-old wife and mother caught in flagrant debauch with five teenage boys. And what can dear old cockpit husband do? 'Time for a good belt on the shopping'?" He can become need and chastise and that's it. He either leaves her or she divorces him over the marriage because without any fear of punishment, she's do something worse in a little while. Under my plan, the guy has every legal

right if he spots any trouble some actions to lay it in the bed with physical reform."

"By that you mean paddling?"

"Exactly. Right now, if a man spanks his wife he's gotta pay all the more taxes women big strong men can't touch little ones. The girls take their shorts in court and the judges throw the book at the husband. The whole country is female oriented. It's time for men to strike back."

"Or strike backdoored," we commented.

"That's good. To start with a quick laugh, may I use that?"

"Be my guest."

He chuckled again as he wrote it down. I may use that in a future release. Papers like that kind of stuff.

Mr. Shandor. I asked.

"Are you married?"

"He shook his head. No more. Two marriages down the drain. Both of them could have been



and of I had exerted more force—especially with my hands. As I saw it in retrospect, both women would have respected me more if I made them lie to the last as they were forced to do a few minutes back."

He got up and beckoned me to follow him. We walked into the adjoining room which was pretty well packed with a collection of unusual items.

He led me over to a wooden construction with ropes and a wheel with a handle on it.

"This is no woman's rock for strong women. If a woman begins passing out samples, her husband would bring her to the body shop, have her laid down and rocked up. This not only caused a lot of pain but made the changes about free ladies take!"

That would seem to be stretching a fact a little too far, I said.

He was too excited up on his subject to approach my wet topic. He went on: "You know what name Dennis winter once had? Women are like geese—they should be beaten regularly!"

We moved back into his main office and Mr. Shandover outlined the financial set-up of the group. It is supported by contributions from men throughout the country. He showed me a list of the names of the contributors who had sent money and there were at least ten I recognized, including one big league baseball player and two movie stars one of whom was a big star in the '20s.

"How do women feel about your group?" I asked.

He smiled maliciously. "They don't like it," he said. Then he pulled out a stack of letters from the back of a bottom drawer in his desk.

"Look at this—it's from Cal Farina." I was looking at a photograph of a woman of calypso proportions who was holding her short high exposing her naked rear to us. Across the top she had written: "Take to

speak me Stanley Shandover." He showed me four more photographs, all relatively similar—upright shorts bottoms re-enacted with some stony remarks like "How about a big boy?" and "I like you!"

He looked down at the note pad on his desk and his face clouded over again.

"Darned, the forget again to remind me to call our man at Washington. She's not going to get away with this."

"Forget?" I repeated.

"What forget?" I asked.

"My secretary — also my wife."

The door opened and in a feminine leotard with a tight blue dress and horn rimmed glasses came in, a leotard smile on her face.

Her smile faded as Mr. Shandover grabbed her in a lightning-like movement, threw her across his lap, buckled up, lifted her shirt and proceeded to slap her pretty bottom summarily.

"You better learn to stop dressing and do your job or you won't be able to sit down for a week," Mr. Shandover explained as he pointed away, paying no attention to the squirming and greater Producer.

In a short while he stopped and released his wife who got up and straightened her clothing, a persistent look on her face.

Looking down at the floor, Producer sorrowfully muttered, "It's my job to forget again."



"You better not!" Mr. Shandover said coldly, but with a determined sound of triumph in his voice.

During this embarrassing, to me, demonstration of his theme, I had edged my way to the door.

Mr. Shandover caught me with his eye. "See what I mean?" he asked. "If we men are to make this our hold over our women, this is what we must do. You are going to be kidnapped."

"Of course," I asserted as I started to open the door. "When one interested parties contact you."

"Through your magazine Shandover will be around the group to Make Over All. But before you go tell me what do you think of this squatting for your self?"

"I think it's a whacking good idea!" I said—and got out fast. *

THE BRASSLINE JOURNAL (continued from page 26)

One young girl looks ugly and rebuffs "His" strategy for the ministry; there can't even be a smile on her face. The other girl is so shocked that she leaves the apartment.

You start to tell her about your show business connections. How you used to sing with Willie and his father, F. F. is such a congenital ignoramus that when he sings the blues, there aren't any. And if you brought pressure to bear . . .

By now the lonely has lost control of her noggin. You take her in your arms and she retaliates with a kiss that would cause a man in a coma to dance the tango.

"With and what do you do?" she inquires.

"I am a hustler," you say triumphantly.

"And what do you hustle?" she pants.

"You dominatrix."

Needless to say, she turns out better than any pet on the dog floor or any horns dangling from a wall. She is big game! *

It's now capital "B" for Bourbon, our own Star-Spangled beverage...

BOURBON IN BRIEF



by Bea Lutz

The United States Congress recently passed a resolution recognizing Bourbon as "a distinctive product of the United States." Bourbon is the first and only American liquor ever to be so singled out by the U. S. Government.

The Congressional Resolution also recommends that appropriate agencies take action to prohibit importation of imitations of Bourbon whiskey. And of course, it's now capital "B" for Bourbon.

English have their Scotch, the French have their Cognac, there are Canadian and Irish whiskeys, and now Bourbon has an official home too, although it has always been recognized throughout the world as a product of the United States. The United Kingdom, Canada, and France afford recognition and protection to their respective products as being made from their own trees and do not allow imports of imitations. The U. S. has now given the name

recognition and protection to its native liquor, Bourbon.

Constitutionally, the U. S. Congress and Bourbon are both 213 years old. In the fall of 1776 the year the first U. S. Congress convened the Reverend Elijah Craig, a pioneer planter and skilled distiller (not a rare occupation for the clergy in those days) created a new distilled beverage from native American grains and is today honored as The Father of Bourbon. Bourbon takes its name from Bourbon County, an area which was then part of Virginia and only later was to become Kentucky.

The first Kentucky distillers were pioneers who brought with them a knowledge of distilling processes. They had learned that the distillers took when grains were ready at harvest and made the best use of them. Corn was used freely then because a grain plentiful and well in nearby fields thanks to the Indians. Later on distillers learned the small grains: rye, corn, barley

and wheat mixed with the corn, improved the whiskey.

Today Bourbon Craig's discovery is the world's most popular whiskey, selling more than 15-million gallons a year.

While any whiskey, to be called Bourbon, must meet specific standards set by the Federal government, there are subtle variations between the Bourbons produced by various distillers. And when a distiller reaches what he thinks is the ultimate, he guards his secret closely. Most companies keep their pedigreed strains of yeast, their-proof and refrigerated acids.

One requests for the Bourbon is pure American filtered water. Kentucky and virtually all the Bourbon-producing states are blessed with such water. Given the parent of mountain water, new-cultivated grain, it is the selection and processing of these grains that make the difference in Bourbon.

(continued on page 21)

AN AUDITION FOR

Tom Deverga, known to his associates as "T. J.", was head of the television department of the Kraymore Agency. Because of his success in creating shows that attained high ratings, all he required of his assistant, Roger Hester, was enthusiastic approval of his infallible judgment. For being the perfect sponge in the office and out of the office where he assisted T. J. in hisulatory affairs, Roger was on the payroll for \$15,000 a year.

T. J. chose Roger because of his good looks, his knack of wearing clothes and his perfect manners. Roger made a favorable impression when T. J. took him along to meet some of the company's clients. He was six feet tall and 28 years old. His hair was jet black and his eyes dark brown. In contrast, T. J. was of average height with a face as round as a moon. He was partially bald and was gradually developing a double chin.

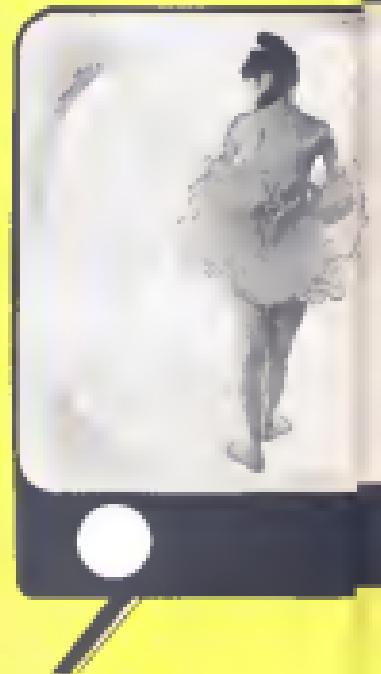
T. J. never suspected that Roger had no love for

him or for his job as "Yes" man. Circumstances had forced Roger to take the position. The firm he had been with for five years went bankrupt. Roger was idle for six months. His timid savings gone, he soon went into debt. To get on his feet again, he became the subservient lackey.

In answer to T. J.'s call, Roger entered the oak-paneled office adorned with pictures of T. J. posing with stars of stage and screen. T. J. was sitting behind the glass-topped mahogany desk. As usual, it was clear of all papers. All that could be seen on

Movie and television techniques are different,

the desk were the two telephones, the ornate inkstand with the two ball-point pens, and the picture of his wife, Dora, in the morning of her thirtieth birthday. Dora was smiling at him with those big brown eyes, her hair curled at her shoulders, and the snow-white teeth revealed



through the soft, parted lips. Dora was an attractive woman ten years younger than T. J.—only 32.

"Busy tonight?" T. J. asked.

Roger gave the required answer: "No, sir."

"Fine. Set down."

MISS AMBROSE



by Ed Ettinger

night. Can't tell when I'll be home, so please don't wait up for me . . . Yes, dear, thank you. Bye, bye, honey."

Roger didn't hear what Dora said, but it must have been favorable because T. J. smiled and said, "That's my girl. Not a word of complaint. If I tell her it's business she doesn't mind how late I stay out. That's the only kind to marry, Roger."

"You, sir?"

"She hoped I'd put over a big deal." T. J. chuckled. "Wait till you see that bag, blonde, lascivious deal!"

Knowing what was to

occur of him, Roger took a key from his pocket, the key to his bachelor apartment, and placed it on the desk.

"I'm considering her for the screen in our new daytime serial," T. J. added.

"You, sir?"

"She's coming up at five

but when it comes to ensnaring a pretty girl . . .

Feeling a trifle guilty, T. J. turned the picture of his wife so she would not be smiling at him, picked his private phone and dialed his home.

"Hello, Dora, darling," he spoke sweetly. "I'm terribly sorry but I'll be tied up with a big client in

o'clock. Miss Constance Ambrose. She'll ask for you. Take her to dinner at Mario's. I'll join you there."

"You, sir?"

T. J. believed in a full stomach preparatory to an expected anatomy affair. To this alone with Miss Ambrose, however pleasant, might cause gassy. Some righteous individual might deem it his royal duty to inform Dora of his plaudering. Therefore he used Roger as a blind to make everything appear perfectly respectable.

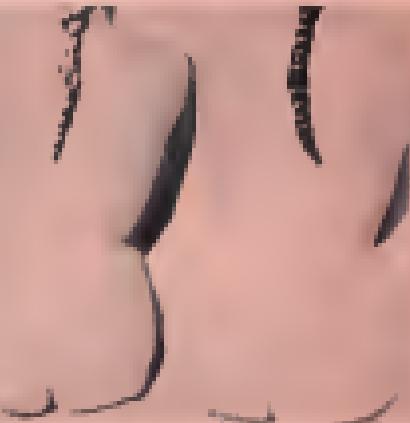
Promptly at five o'clock, Miss Ambrose, as directed by the receptionist, entered Rogers' office preceded by a strong odor of perfume. She was a tall, blue-eyed, ash-blond with her hair piled up on her head like a small beehive. She wore a black cocktail dress with a plunging neckline that exposed the cleavage of her ample bosoms.

"Mr. Houston?" she smiled through sexual lips.

"Won't you have a seat, Miss Ambrose?"

She chose the chair near his desk, adjusted it to face

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line, crossed her legs and raised
her short skirt a few inches
above a well-muscled knee. As
she stepped his quick glance she
smiled and said, "Miss Roger?"

"Very nice," he admitted.

"No charge for looking," she
said gruffly. "I have passed the
stalking pole. Maybe you saw
them in the magazine." She
drew up her skirt till an inch of
her bare thigh was visible. Up
to here—I passed."

Miss Anderson Roger realized
was a body of no importance. T
-7 must have sensed it when
he first met her.

She rose from the chair, stood
before him with her hands on her hips. Take a good look at
my figure. Thirty-seven, twenty-
four thirty-one. Nine inches
around?"

Roger nodded.

He walked towards the door
with a practiced swing of her
legs that turned around and
came to him with a shaking
smile. Her lips pursed as if she
were panting and a look of
affection in her eyes. When she
reached him her knees touched his
and she put her hands gently
on his shoulders. He could feel
her breath against his face
as she whispered, "Darling, I
love you."

For an instant Roger had an
irresistible urge to embrace her
and kiss her. The girl relaxed at
last. Every inch of her was an
affection. Then he remembered
his status. He was the strong
man had to hold the fort for his
boss. He gently removed her
hands.

He sat down and crossed her
legs again. How was that for
a chair? she asked triumphantly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to use
another chair."

He laughed. "I'm glad you
recognize that! I've got more
experience now. I was in a couple
of Hollywood pictures. I played a
cigarette girl. Strangely enough
I look gorgeous on tapetoe. An
agent wanted to get me a job as a
striptease, but I wouldn't sing



hollywood's all-time sex symbol

(continued from page 28)
about what was going on. He grew so angry that Jess began to weep and the party turned into a rout.

On the other hand, several whispered about spurs which flared up when Jess insisted on making intimate gestures to her around the house.

In public when they were not fighting she would kiss warmly on his arm, her forced bosom just nudging his elbow.

Two days earlier after the visiting police answered a call from the Berns' brother to find Paul Berns stretched out nude in front of his wife's mirror with a gun in his hand and a lighter held to his head. Beside him was a revolver but, cryptic note, it read:

"Dearest Dear. Unfortunately, this is the only way to make good the tragic wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you."

"Paul, You understand that last night was only a comedy Paul."

Hollywood was in an uproar. The estimated 20-year-old blonde was a real tease. To police and reporters she insisted she did not know what the note to her meant; yet the reason for her 25-year-old groom's suicide.

There was no doubt Berns had

shot himself but the strange note led the police to open an investigation.

Even Hollywood members passed over the cryptic note. What did he mean by "last night was only a comedy"? What had happened that Jess Harlow would not even look at?

The Berns gardener said there was a visited note from Berns from offstage to tell the contents to a movie magazine.

But when police investigated the gardener, Clifton Davis, said he was "incapable." He knew nothing.

The Concorde summoned Jess Harlow to the airport but her doctor said she could not travel. The distraught, young blonde, typified beauty-mad and helpless, as though caught in a nightmare, was leding out at her mother's Beverly Hills home.

The afternoon a high HOLM executive, who was visiting Paul's mother, looked up to see Jess climbing the rail of an upper balcony that overlooked a deep canyon.

With a yell of warning he and two other friends leaped forward to stop the suicide attempt of the million-dollar beauty.

Meanwhile, the report went on: Young Thelma top HOLM case and other movie legends

Dorothy Baker stars as Jean Harlow in the upcoming movie

were questioned. Since Harlow's private physician was flown back from Hawaii to testify.

The doctor declared publicly that "Bette had suffered a physical handicap that would have prevented a happy marriage."

But this did not entirely explain the mystery, especially since Jean had known about Bette's infidelity all the time. What was she holding back? What was making her suffer these efforts against? What did the note really mean?

The "second" note mentioned by producer Clifton Davis, who later denied its existence, is the key to the mystery.

Doris' infidelity admitted when she himself was over that after failure to family friends and MGM executives, he was convinced it would be "better not to say anything about it," since the comments were as uncharitable and inaccurate.

That second note, "declared one of Bette's close friends (who insists on keeping the information off-the-record because he is still a top Hollywood director), "left no doubt as to what the



"messy" was that had caused Paul's abrupt termination.

"On that fatal night, (and part of this is at the studio's behest), Bette hoping to keep her wife from returning brought home an artificial male organ but he had it made so large that all stared at Jean when she saw it. It was to make her laugh uncontrollably. Then, feeling sorry for her husband, she turned it away and turned on everything

she could to try to arouse him. And of any woman who ever lived could arouse a man it was she."

"But," said the director, "he didn't work. Paul reacted to and he didn't feel that with her he'd be able to but he couldn't make it poor devil. He was so humiliated he picked a fight with her to cover his shame and chased her yelling through. And then what was left for him?"

Because he could not respond to the last offices of the second girl in Hollywood, Paul Bette got a ticket through his agent, John Huston, who had been greatly moved by his love unrequited, was created by the Miss.

When she returned to the Red Dust set a week after the fiasco, she was still pale and shaken. Everybody on the set was stunned at her appearance. Gable had tears in his eyes when he saw her.

"There's the last gal that ever lived," he declared.

Red Dust became an almost legendary box office success.

(Continued on page 717)

Jean Harlow, the original Hollywood sex symbol and Marlene Dietrich who was modeled on her except that she similarity of the present Marlene's past taken over 10 years later.



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the Off-Broadway
play of the same
name...

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husband to drink,
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all yours.

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PLUMBERS

If you have a leak,
we're the drunks to see.

OUR TELEPHONE POLES HIT CARS
ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE - Traffic Dep't.

MOTHER
IN-LAW DIED
CLOSED FOR
THE HOLIDAYS

Self Defense
Poles
Test your IQ. Put the little round
empty bottle into the square hole

The Only Things
You Get on the Cuit Here
is Gravy.

Don't walk on the grass.
It may be your dinner.
— Race Track Committee

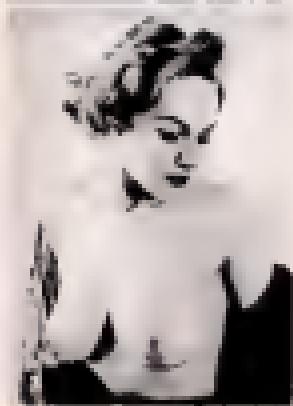
MARTHA



Does the Keghole remind you of anything? Well, it makes our gal, Martha, think of the five-girl song and dance act she designed—the Keghole Kettes. The act made the headlines when it appeared at Brazil's swankiest nightclubs, and the girls of the richest coffee plantation down there went down on their knees between shows and proposed to the five beauties. It's enough to make







Martha regret that she took up art instead of pursuing the muse or, she, too, would have been part of the act. Not that she would marry for money, but as her mother often said, it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a poor man—in fact, easier. Martha, too, will be going to Brazil shortly. The girls have arranged a one-gal art show to show her and her art off to the single brother left. Not that he is the only other brother, but he is the single single brother left and he's a modern art enthusiast which explains the Mondrian type design surrounding Martha's pictures. If the straight lines don't get him, Martha's round ones should.



"Thanks for the dinner," I said. I just remembered I have to make a telephone call. "Want to have one too, Mrs. Anderson?" He slid out of the booth and went to the rear of the restaurant.

Mrs. Anderson was stunned. She grabbed Roger's arm. "What goes on here?" she asked. "Is he running out on us?"

"Keep your voice down," Roger cautioned her. "He'll hear us outside. Let's go."

He took her arm and they left the restaurant together. Anybody observing them would know definitely that she was Roger's date.

Outside, Roger said, "Let's walk down the street. Get some fresh air."

"Is it polluted here?" she asked angrily.

"Please do as I ask."

"I don't get it — Mrs. Anderson said as she walked beside Roger. "First he pretends he never met me. Then he hardly talks to me in the restaurant. Then he shows up again when you pay the check and says goodbye. Am I getting the brushoff?"

Roger felt a burst of emotion with his original explanation. "Oh no. It's a setup or the gag."

She looked at him with open, trusting eyes. "Is he queer?"

"Absolutely not."

But he'd been using queer all night. "Blame it. I wouldn't be here on that job. I'd have been sold and gone out with you."

It was a tempting offer, but his job would be as properly.

"We must do that," he said regretfully. "He's my boss."

She stopped suddenly and struck her forehead with the palm of her hand. "How dumb can a blonde be?" she demanded. "I should have guessed it right away. He's married, isn't he?"

"Yes."

She burst into laughter. Hollywood or New York — what a coincidence! They all use the same script. "You're a good-looking guy so he has you take the call as a decoy,"

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In U.S. law too, a spirit cannot be called *Bourbon* if it is bottled at less than 40 proof ("Proof" means the amount of alcohol in the liquor. The figure given is exactly double that of the alcohol content. Thus 100 proof means 50% alcohol.) It is said that in the early days *Bourbon* strength was tested by pouring some on a lot of gun powder and lighting it. If the flame flared up the *Bourbon* was too strong—a steady blue light meant proper strength was 100% right, or 50 proof as specified—and it was.

By those days Newby was a
liquid gold + load of money +
Carl Sandburg said when
Abraham Lincoln's father sold
his Kentucky farm he received
\$10.00 in cash and \$400.00 worth
of Bourbon. Lawyers, dentists and
physicians often received their
pay in Bourbon and were glad to
get it that way. They knew
they could readily exchange it
for other commodities.

Today, we wouldn't get very far using Bourbon as a medium of exchange for anything more than show pleasure, but it's good enough for most. Bourbon is actually a one bottle car — good atлагодиа, meals and cocktails. It has also been favored by some gourmets and is used as a flavoring ingredient for both desserts and soups.

All things considered, it may be appropriate birthday present that U.S. Congress give Boston an *AFSCM* birthday—that of recognizing Boston as our own, first-classed port city.



Constitutional Developments in the United States and Brazil

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1999-2000 (Vol. 27(1))

EROTICA



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1. *What is the primary purpose of the study?*



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more than I have left in my
piggy bank.

It was a another Jihana who spoke, about the only person I ever saw him that he did not have a smile on his lips and the reflection of a smile in his eyes. It was a reminder of being that you will find in most Mexicans and you must be prepared for it. Jihana was the only one who ever talked openly about it.

You see another plus of
travel is some of the better
hotels negotiate and remunerate. There is no need to
worry the relationships because the truth is quickly
located. Merely have a drink in
one of the more elegant hotel
bars or have dinner in one of
the better restaurants. The odds are good that you will see one or
two different Mexicans according
pictures boosted from ports of
the border. The border will be crossed
from the tips of their dentures to the
smash of their memory by the
men. Such ownership is a fine
basis of distinction.

The same relationship may be readily observed north of the border. The American businessman may have his mistress and the plain apartment for occasional partying. It is part of his status symbol. It is also a means of status with the Masses, but beyond that he relishes the ring of words. He has stolen a march on the garage. It is not always so, but as often as not it is a hurried and painful task for the mistress. She is kept outside of her pension.

Yet, when all is said, one hardly expects to become enmeshed in Freudian concepts south of the border. That is one of the reasons one leaves home and takes such a far journey. There are no above columns in the newspapers, no entries on radio or television, no easy diagnosis in the coffee shop or bar. All

least that is what one expects and desires.

James and I sat this night later on in the *Stupore* Bar in the Hotel Pennsylvania. We had come together by accident. I had walked in hoping to find *Miss or Mrs.* James had beckoned me over to her table. She ushered me directly

"What are you doing this weekend?" he asked.

"Not a thing!" I said. "I was hoping I might run into something."

"We can work together. Good things are always possible."

That is what I like to hear.

We sat and surveyed the bar. When the door opened and closed we managed to catch a glance at the new arrivals. Time passed. We ordered a second round. It was probably time for me to pay. James pushed my money away and insisted upon accepting the check. I knew that he couldn't really afford to buy me many drinks for anyone, yet he would be disturbed if I insisted upon paying. It was a delicate point, and one which could have strong bearing upon the outcome.

The door opened and it seemed to me that I recognized the woman slender figure exotic face, neatly dressed I thought I placed her on the woman on the mat stool to sit on right at the firewood a daily pitch pine spit located in a basement at Florence, IT We had a good time conversing but she had been waiting for her date.

"The well" I used to jump in will be here.

The woman had taken a seat at a table I passed before the table. "Waiting time again?" I asked.

she looked up suddenly. An instant later her lips parted in a soft smile. "I remember you," she said.

"I had hoped you would. There may be more I have not forgotten yet. But I have seen enough."

THE STATE AND THE



THE **MAIDENS**

BOOKING READING POSITION
OF 17 AMERICAN CALENDAR GIRLS
BY ROBERT L. COOPER



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I sat down. As the waiter approached I was able to think of James. The eyes had been repeated upon me. I felt a brief surge of anger.

The waitress came suddenly returned to me. I had no idea whether or not she recalled me. She had other things on her mind the night of our meeting. "Hello?" I said. "I have looked for you since that night but this is the very first time I have seen you. Have you been busy with your friend?"

She laughed. "No for we were not really such good friends. I have not been here. For awhile I have been in Texas. It is the home of my family. Now I am here to stay for a long time."

"That is fine. I hope we may be able to see a lot of each other."

She looked down at the table. "What is it?"

It seemed to me that it might be a very good night. When was something you did not find very often in the bars of Mexico City. A woman in her late twenties, obviously unmarried, very attractive, but seemingly not too experienced and worldly-wise, and certainly not a professional. Such women can be found fairly readily in the United States, but in Mexico City they are ordinarily already married or if they are not for an evening they would be found at the *Palace Hotel*.

"Tell me of yourself," James said.

There was that instant in which I had to decide what to tell and how much to tell. I was about on the verge of telling her the complete truth. She seemed to be that kind of a woman.

"Always," James said, "am I not going to be allowed the privilege of buying you a drink?" And the lovely smile again.

It took me a moment to collect myself. I lightly noticed James approach. I glanced at James. "This is my good friend James. Do you need a beer joint?"

James smiled up at James.

A hand promptly set down. He chose the mat which placed him right next to James. The waiter approached and James ordered a round in a manner so far too flippant for his natural self. My glass holder, stacked on a neat pile on the table, were knocked aside. I took a necessary look of rearmament, but I well knew by then it was a luxury move to dispense with.

James curled his arm along the back of James's chair. "I do not know of my friend has told you but I am with the government. I have a very responsible position. My friend from the United States can tell you of this."

Since both of them passed to me, I nodded in agreement. I knew well that James's position deserved to bring an underlying to an understanding, and that most of the time a prove had more power in coming up at the end of the day.

"I like to live well," James said. "What have you of you do not live well? My friend would like to pay for such a thing as a date, but so long as James is with him or is James who pays it is a little pleasure of mine. Is that not so?"

It was an effort to make my head move up and down slightly.

James's hand settled upon James's shoulder. It assumed a position which at once was a caress and a sign of possession. This of course. If James did not succeed in snatching James away from me the symbolism at least would remain. He had possessed some part of her and in relinquishing control he would only be turning over merchandise in some pure despoiled.

James would not have done it. He understood his compulsion. Police would have done it without the understanding of what he was doing. Another might have done it but in a far less dramatic way.

James gripped my arm, one of

BEERS & WINES

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YOUNG ENGLISH CHEESE

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UNCOMMON PRODUCTS

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SECRET BEAUTIES

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young calendar girl who gradually takes her Gals to a Little Boxes scene a year prior to the undermentioned, in which one of Ruth's most sex-industry images of them dead of disease or exhaustion lies, before they reach the horrifically comparatively adulated stage 21.

The recent trend of greater sexual promiscuity is a matter of deep concern to many people. Christians, educators and many parents are up in arms over the fact that so many prostitutes are on the loose these days as compared heretofore. They feel a moral revolution is creating incitement to make prostitutes and prostitutes morally acceptable.

But, of course, there's nothing new about love for men—especially in Hollywood if your memory goes back as far as *Bitter Drama* or *Of Mice and Men*. *Kim Novak* plays the part in the current *Vertigo* and *Vertigo* looks like *Waterloo Bridge*.

But, of the broad contours where it will all end may be a more serious problem. Hollywood always overdoes every thing, you know, and the retelling of "Little Women" with a switch to a hand-to-hand battle on the mountain slopes.

Many people are wondering if Hollywood has lost every trace of originality.

Definitely not," says one top Hollywood producer who wishes to remain anonymous. "Bodily-voiced films are still a highly moral collection of modern morality plays. Earlier films may have dealt with the morality of Andy Hardy and the Dead End Kids. Intercorrelated types make-up people. Today's films are real. There has to be.

The pop of the Director is now seen on the television screen. The movie-goer means to see something real, something that may solve his problem, his conflicts, maybe even answer his doubts and questions.

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needed her.

In 1934, Jean slipped to Tammie with her confession. Should Romeo Romeo, the night, seductive shop who would only say, "I just want to be near Jean. That's all."

In eight months the red-hot beauty had divorced Romeo and was again playing the field. Then, along the way, she met dashing, sophisticated William Powell, a cool and worldly type. This time she was the one who was really caught.

On the lot when they were working together on a picture, they were inseparable, and the love scenes were eye-catching.

She continued to be the hottest property in Hollywood—she made enough after Romeo. She got a fabulous contract in December, 1936—seven years at \$3,000 per week. The world was at her fingertips. In fact, she could have everything she wanted, except the man she loved.

Early in 1937, she and Powell had a fight which separated them for a time. But after Jean had a siege in a hospital, they came back together again and Powell was more attentive than ever.

Shortly afterward, the blonde actress became very ill. At the end of May she was carried from the car back to the hospital and an oxygen tank.

Dr. K. C. Pittsburgh her physician, and Jean Harlow's mother gave conflicting stories to the press. One said it was the flu; the other insisted gallstones. Seven days later, Jean needed blood transfusions.

But no medical aid could save her. Jean Harlow died June 8, 1937, of course passing what had reached her lungs.

All Hollywood stopped as shocked and melancholy grief. At her funeral was one of the biggest funerals of celebrities in the history of Hollywood. The most beautiful blonde in America died as she had lived—mysteriously, mysteriously, under a strange shadow. *



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How to make money from drawing and painting

The right picture starts from all walks of life, all parts of the country—but they all can start it now. They all tried to draw or paint. And they all started out from the same root—through the world renowned Famous Artists Schools of Westport, Conn. (See the eight rows on the other side of this page.)

With the exciting opportunities and success stories resulting from their work, many of the famous artists have given their full time careers to the Schools, demonstrating a continuing love for the business.

If you like, to draw or paint—why, why should it happen to you? And out of your love and interest the drawing Schools will teach the complete (no trap or trick) for the Famous Artists Schools. (People from four thousand different backgrounds have learned to do it.)

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

Postage paid in United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID

Famous Artists Schools
Westport, Connecticut

POSTAGE
PAID IN
UNITED STATES



*We're looking for people who like to draw

If you used to draw or paint, Farnsworth Art Schools want to help you find out whether you can be successful as a professional artist.

Some time ago we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were afraid of their talents. Others just wouldn't get enough professional art training without having home or giving up their jobs.

A Place to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking into account our own art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know how and the positive attitudes which we ourselves learned through long, successful careers.

Sharing this knowledge with both special strengths and experience in areas of interest covering every aspect of drawing and painting, we know that anyone could take right to his own, basic need in his past time.

We then developed a very personal and efficient method for writing

each student's drawings and paintings. For each assignment you send us your instructions—then, we, practicing professional artists—spend as much as two or three hours discussing ways to improve your work. They make separate drawings and paintings, especially for you. They write you personal letters of advice and guidance. Eventually, they become your friends, stage to stage, each of your talents, eager to help it step way.

The writing makes many well. On the previous page you'll find a sample of students whom we have helped to become successful artists.

Find Out If You Have Talent

To find others with place worth developing, we created a repeating art Test—Test Test. Thousands of people seriously paid to take this test. But now we afford others a free and will grade it free. If you do well on the test—no other evidence of art talent—you may enroll in the school. But there is no obligation. To get a copy of the test, simply check and mail the coupon. It does not need a stamp.

Or the student brochure or prospectus page.

Farnsworth Art Schools Studio 7323, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have an ability worth developing. Please send me without obligation a free Farnsworth Test. Test and information about enrollment.

Mr. _____

Mrs. _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



This is a
postage
paid
reply card

Be sure
to enclose
a stamp

Check
along the
dotted line,
fill out,
and mail

George Van Dusen

John Nichols

Peter Nichols

Robert Nichols